The Missile

JANUARY, 1914.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

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THE NORTH WIND.

Shrieking, whistling, hurrying by,
Lingering only to moan and sigh,
Through city and hamlet and forest wide,
O'er river and lake and mountain side,
Onward the north wind goes!

The leaves dance gaily to the whistling song
And at the wind's command go hurrying on;
The kingly oaks bend low their heads,
The plants hide close in their leafy beds,
As onward the north wind goes!

The brook alone lies snug and safe,
And cheated thus, the wild winds chafe;
Ice-bound she's protected from its sway
And smiling she goes rippling on her way,
While onward the north wind goes!

The lowly cottage trembles with fear
As the roaring blast approaches near;
But striving to lead in the noisy din,
The cracking logs roar louder within
As onward the north wind goes!

Through scurrying leaves and drifting snow
With an onward rush the north wind doth blow,
Stopping only to hasten its pace
Or to shriek or whistle in the tireless race.
Dealing alike with rich and poor,
From the beggar's cot to the banker's door,
It kisses the cheek of old and young
And pays a visit to every one.
As it rushes on in its course.

M. Louise Talbott, '14.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT EXPECT NOTHING."

THE girls' yard of the Leesville High School looked strangely deserted. The twelve o'clock whistle had blown at least ten minutes before, but still no gaily-colored ribbons or smiling faces were to be seen.

"Maybe," suggested Mrs. Jordan to her next door neighbor, as they rocked back and forth in the comfortable chairs on her front porch, "Maybe the kitchen's on fire, or they've discovered something new in the laboratory. I can't see for the life of me why they have such queer things for anyway (referring to the laboratory). They don't do anything but make things with outlandish names which always have an awful smell. Mrs. Smith told me that Linda had had two dresses just eaten up with some stuff they made last week. Now, if I had a daughter, I'd know better than to let her have anything to do with such goings on."

Miss Betty Wilkins, who well knew her neighbor's

tendency to look on the dark side of things, carefully bit a thread after taking the last stitch in a serviceable, brown-checked apron, destined for the "new girl," and skilfully turned the conversation to the new Methodist preacher's last Sunday's sermon.

In the back yard of the High School, out of sight of passers-by, quite another scene was being enacted. The girls were assembled in excited groups discussing the thrilling news. The long-expected English teacher had arrived, and "it was a man!" The school boasted of only women, or married men, for teachers; and, as Priscilla Phillips, the ring-leader of all mischief, remarked, "They don't count!"

Priscilla was sweet-faced and demure. It was hard to associate mischief with the delicately moulded features and soft brown hair; and even when "caught in the act," she was able to assume what the girls called her "pious expression;" and then, indeed, it was almost impossible to accuse her of wrong-doing.

All eyes were fixed expectantly upon her; for, although the new teacher had arrived, and even though he were a man, no good could be delivered from that fact until they had seen him with their own eyes.

"Oh," sighed the lady in question, "if I could only get to Professor Evans's office! I know he's in there, and we just can't wait any longer to see what he looks like. "Matilda," addressing a rosy-cheeked girl who looked as if she had never had a day's sickness, "you look as if you were feeling awfully bad. Don't you want me to ask Professor Evans if you can't go home?"

"Why, yes," replied Matilda, willing to do anything to oblige Priscilla; "I'm sure I don't object."

"All right," responded Priscilla, "I really do think you ought to go; I never saw any body so pale in my life."

This last remark was greeted with much laughter, for Matilda's color was the most noticeable thing about her.

And Priscilla, in a matter-of-fact manner, drew forth a much-used chamois, and applied it to that feature which has so strange a tendency to shine—namely, the nose. Having powdered this to her satisfaction, she smiled dimplingly into the many faces and walked boldly up the back steps and down the long hall. Never had that hall seemed so endless.

"Suppose," thought Priscilla to herself, "just suppose he hasn't come after all. But that would be impossible, because Martha Green's uncle got him the appointment, and Martha knew for a fact that he'd be here to-day!"

At last the endless hall was traversed, and there in its accustomed place hung the familiar placard, "Principal's Office." Priscilla hesitated before crossing the threshold; then with a long-drawn breath she stepped bravely into the presence of the unknown.

The light was dim and all she could see was the rear view of a tall figure. Professor Evans seemed busily engaged in demonstrating something to him; so Priscilla's presence was not at once perceived.

She cleared her throat, and the Principal turned towards her. "Well, my dear?" he questioned kindly.

Priscilla was a favorite with him, and he regarded the slight figure benignantly. But Priscilla was gazing intently at the other occupant of the room, who had turned at the Professor's remark.

"Professor Nugent, your new English teacher," con-

tinued the Principal politely. "What is it, Miss Priscilla?" he asked again.

With a wild gaze Priscilla contined to stare. This the new English teacher? Horror! What she saw was a tall, raw-boned man, with prominent blue eyes, protruding teeth, impossible hair, and last, but not least, a bow tie!

"Oh," she gasped, "I—I'm sick. May I go home?"

"Certainly, Miss Priscilla; you are looking rather pale."

With a despairing look behind her Priscilla went, remarking inwardly, "Goodness; he's worse than a married man!"

CLARA JACKSON, '14.

The time a person sizzles and has visions in his head,
Is when the neighbors' fowls are in his new-made flower Bed.

. . . . . .

Salesman—"Shirt, sir? Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom?"

Customer—"Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid all starchy things."

. . . . . .

"Is that clock right?" asked the visitor who had already overstayed his welcome. His listener yawnes.

"Oh, no," she said. "That's the clock we always call the Visitor."

The obdurate one sat down again. "The Visitor?" he remarked, "What a curious name for a clock."

His hostess ventured an explanation. "You see," she said, "We call it that because we can never make it go."

And even then he failed to see the point.

THE RICH PEDDLER.

THE old peddler was making his way slowly down the road. He had been to several of the nearby houses and asked for food, but at each place it had been denied him. It was a cold November day, and he had been traveling ever since the day before without anything to eat, trying to reach the city before the next afternoon, as he had received a letter telling him to come at once. His hands and feet were almost frozen, and he felt that without food he could go no farther.

Suddenly looking around him, he saw upon a hill a beautiful house which looked as if its doors might open to weary strangers, but he was mistaken; for when he knocked, the door was opened by a large, broad-shouldered man, who scowled down upon him as though he were no better than the dogs by his side. The poor beggar trembled under his gaze, but finally he gained courage enough to ask for food and fire.

"What, such a creature at my door, begging for bread!" cried the man. "I do not believe in charity, and no food from my table shall ever enter a beggar's mouth."

The poor man had become so weak that he could hardly control his voice, but he managed to say, "May God always help you, and may you never be in need; but if you are, come to me;" and then he dropped unconscious to the ground. No one came to help him; so there he stayed until, feeling better, he got up and went on his way.

Although suffering from cold and hunger, he finally reached the city. The window decorations and other

temptations attracted him often, but he was an honest man and resisted.

He went through the streets until he came to the office of a well-known lawyer and went in. They talked for a long time; and when the peddler left the place, he knew that he was a wealthy man.

Many years afterward our same peddler had become a prominent business man in quite a large city. One day as he was sitting in his office thinking of times past, when he was very poor, he heard a knock and went to the door. Whom should he see but the man that long years ago had driven him from his door? The man was begging for food and drink! He was clad in rags and was almost drunk.

The former peddler took him into the cozy little office and in a short time provided him with clothes and food. After much talking it was found that the man had lost all his money through gambling and drinking.

He did not believe in charity, but he willingly accepted a new start in life from a peddler.

MABEL HATCHETT, '15.

The young lady visiting her aunt in the country came in late one afternoon.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked her aunt.

"In the hammock all the afternoon," she responded, "with my beloved Robert Browning."

The aunt eyed her sternly. "If I here of any more such scandalous proceedings I shall certainly write to your mother."

WHEN SATAN IS DEFEATED.

(CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER.)

JONES, being in a penniless condition when he left the train, first thought of a place to stay. After walking down a narrow, busy street, it seemed to him all eyes were upon him. There were no street cars, no taxi-cabs, and no sub-ways. Cripple Creek to him was a small village. The men were mainly clothed in red flannel shirts and corduroy trousers, which was the miners' dress, while he was dressed in what they called "swell attire." In their opinion he was a "tenderfoot." In his opinion they were uncivilized. Their language was rough, and their manners were no better. What a contrast it formed to his own rearing! Here he must work, while in New York he loafed. The buildings to him seemed unnatural, being only one or two stories high. He was attracted by a sign which read,

"MRS. BINKS, BOARDERS."

"That refers to me," he said to himself. "At least I'll inquire."

He went up the short flight of stairs and knocked on the door. A middle-aged woman appeared and asked in a rough voice, "Young fellow, what do you want?"

"I'd like to board here," he said politely, "but I haven't any money to pay now. Could you wait until I find some work?"

"You looks purty straight," she said, surveying him with her dark eyes. "I reckon I'll try yer fer good luck anyhow."

Samuel, inwardly rejoicing at this, was immediately ushered into a room, which he was told he might occupy.

In one corner of the room was an old wooden bed, while in the centre stood a rough table, upon which were two magazines dated June and July, 1884. At that time any kind of room would have suited him, as he was very tired from two days' journeying.

In the morning he got up late, but just in time to get his breakfast. Upon his entering the room Mrs. Binks in formed him that if he wanted to get his meals, he must be on time.

After breakfast he walked out of the house to get a view of the town. It was, as he expected, a typical mining town. Inquiring of a small boy where the Central Mining Company was, he was told to walk to the next block and turn to the right. This he did and in a few moments knocked on the door of the office and was told to enter.

"What can I do for you?" the clerk asked.

"I should like to get a job," he replied politely.

"Wait a minute, and I'll call the foreman," said the clerk.

He pushed a button and in a few moments the foreman entered. A tall, muscular man, large in stature, with a determined expression on his rough, worn face, he appeared and asked,

"Wal, I reckon you want a job here?"

"I do," was the smooth reply.

"Wal," he began, "I got enough hands, but I guess one more wouldn't hurt. When do you want to start?"

"Right now," he quickly answered.

He was asked his name and replied that it was Samuel Jones.

"I reckon you'd better drop that "uel" and git used ter Sam, for the boys 'round here aint acquainted to such fancy names," the foreman asserted.

Samuel smiled in return and followed the foreman into the yard, where he was told to take off his coat. He then led the way into a large pit, which almost made Samuel tremble. Then they boarded an elevator, and down they went into the ground.

"Is there any one living down there?" Samuel inquired shakingly, as they descended.

"Wal, I should smile," answered the foreman laughingly.

"It must be terrible to stay down there," Samuel asserted.

"You won't think so after yer gits used ter it," said the foreman.

With a sudden jar the elevator stopped, and the foreman led the way into a narrow, dark lane, which was lighted by small lamps and partly covered in the centre with tracks. With a quick glance he recognized the surroundings, and pick-axe in hand, Samuel began to dig.

Five years passed, and Samuel Jones was still an employe of the Central Mining Company. He had saved up a few hundred dollars and had spent only what was necessary. He was admired by all the miners, and was undoubtedly the most popular man there. He saw the crudeness of their ideas and the need of high principles among them. He realized the need of a God in their lives, and his sole ambition was for them to understand the principles of right living. He read the *Bible* from every angle. He studied its proverbs and thoughts in every phase. He had changed from a profligate to a man of

religion. He became more thoughtful and more learned. He read the works of great masters, and studied the ideas of ancient philosophers.

He wanted his fellowmen to realize, as he had learned to realize, the need of a God and a religion. He therefore determined to plead with them; and as he had the power of an orator, he resolved to address them. On the following day he gave notice that he would make an address from the "Old Knoll" on the following Sunday. Sunday arrived. At the time determined he arose, and with all the eloquence and all the power at his command he explained to them their weaknesses; he told them of their crudeness; he showed the need of a God, and told them of His miracles and wonders. He pleaded for a unity among them, and moreover for a house of God.

The miners were quick to grasp the idea, and his address was closed amidst cheering and rounds of applause.

"Hooray for Sam Jones!" every one shouted.

Money was liberally contributed, and it was announced that a church was to be built, with Samuel Jones as leader until further arrangements could be made.

Four months later found Samuel Jones delivering a sermon every Sunday, and his congregation steadily growing.

A change was also noticed among the miners. Swearing, cursing, and drinking were being broken up, and now were plainly seen the resuts of the efforts of this man.

Sunday morning, as the West-bound train pulled in, an elderly man and his attendant got off. He surveyed the place with his large eyes and spoke in a tone of satisfaction.

"I'm glad I bought the mines here; at least I am glad I made the trip, as I think it will do me good."

"I hope so," was his secretary's reply.

They were ushered to a carriage and conveyed to the city's hotel. He registered as E. T. Jones, and was none other than the father of Samuel Jones.

"Is there anything going on here on Sunday?" he inquired of the hotel proprietor.

"Nothing except going to church," he was told.

"I guess I'll go there after dinner," he said to himself.

After dinner he made his way to the church. It was not like the great churches that were in New York. It slightly resembled a country house.

Entering, he found it well furnished for a town of such size. He was surprised to see the grand organ and the polished benches. He occupied the last seat and watched the people.

The minister came in and, after welcoming a few strangers, began the service. The mine owner was surprised at the great eloquence of the minister. It seemed that no sermon had interested him more than this. It dealt with the ideals of right living, the weaknesses of man, and the strength of God.

After the sermon Mr. Jones lost no time in congratulating the minister. As he extended his hand, the minister stared in his face and shrank back, while the elder man gasped and started, to find his own son before him.

"My Father!"

"My Son!"

They clasped each other, and tears of gladness ran from their eyes. What a contrast it formed to their last meeting, only five years back! The son's face had changed entirely. His worn countenance and an expression of learning told a tale of much study and hard work.

"What brings you here?" the father exclaimed.

"Ah! a long story to tell, but soon I will relate it to you," Samuel said slowly, looking at the floor.

Arm in arm they left and went to the hotel, where they locked themselves in a room. As Samuel told his story, tears fell from his father's eyes. They talked until want of sleep parted them; and as Samuel left the room, his father said pleadingly,

"Samuel, will you return home with me?"

"No, I cannot," he answered slowly, "the call of God's work is too great."

When he reached his room, he immediately went to bed, but he could not sleep. A horrible vision appeared before him. Drink was tempting him again with all its powers. He groaned in agony. It was a fierce battle between God and Satan. Suddenly he seemed to see his mother before him, and with all his power he exclaimed, "Depart from me, Satan!"

God had won. The horrible thought left him; he awoke and then in solemn tones read from God's own book: "They that have done good shall pass unto the Resurrection of life."—(John 5: 29).

MEYER LAVENSTEIN, '16.

"Oh, mercy!" she exclaimed impatiently, "We'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied rather tartly.

"Ours," she cried joyfully, "Oh, George, this is so sudden."

THE FATE OF DIDO.

Over the dark blue waters
  Where the waves go merrily by,
The Trojan ships are sailing
  Under a sunny sky.

Far from the land of her fathers
  The stately Phoenician queen
Mounted the ghastly funeral pyre
  With calm, majestic mien.

In the midst of her weeping people
  She alone is calm and serene,
And in her right hand uplifted
  A sharp-edged sword is seen.

Amidst the din of the palace
  A piercing shriek is heard;
The fair, frail queen of Carthage
  Has spoken her last sad word.

Over the dark blue waters
  The Trojans in triumph go:
Behind in the land of Carthage
  Naught remains but a lurid glow.

MILDRED H. MCCALEB, '14.

HER REWARD.

IT was noon on a hot day in July in one of the worst tenement districts in New York. The great factories were pouring forth thousands of hot and tired workers, who fought for tiny spots of shade from small trees or overreaching fences, in which to eat their soggy lunches out of ill-smelling pails.

All the crowd had left the building when, from out the door marked *Office*, sauntered a young girl about seventeen. She was clad in a cheap, soiled dress of lavendar cotton voile, and her black hair, blue eyes, and dark lashes marked her as a child of Hungary.

"Why, Ettie," called a tall girl standing near the steps, greedily devouring doughnuts, "whatever did he say to yer?"

"Just a small matter of business," Etta answered, with a toss of her head and jerk of her arms, which caused the large, imitation pearl ear-rings and numerous studded bracelets to jingle.

She walked on down the street to the stuffy, uninviting *Royal Restaurant*. The place was hot and cramped; but since Etta had never been able to indulge in any better lunch place, she did not feel disgusted by the uncleanliness of it. She ate her meal, paid for it, and went out on the street again. The whistles for half-past twelve were shrieking their signals; and the poor, tired workers, men, women and children, were again entering the factory.

"I won't go back to that sultry place," she said to herself, "when I can live better."

Suddenly she stopped to gaze into the window of

one of the large dry goods stores. Her eyes wandered hungrily over the hats and dresses displayed within. A limousine stopped at the curb; and a lady, arrayed in a frock of soft material and carrying a parasol and heavy gold meshed bag, entered the store. Etta's eyes lighted on the bag and remained there until the lady vanished in the crowd.

She gasped and leaned against the window to support herself. Now Etta had a weakness for pretty things. She would stand at the door of a store into which she had seen some beautifully gowned woman go, for an hour or more, to catch a glimpse of this same frock when the lady came out; or she would lean against the pane at some fashionable millinery shop an entire Sunday afternoon, coveting the headgear which Dame Fashion had created. But Etta's chief weakness was for bags–large, fancy, beautiful bags! How she loved them! Had she not saved, scraped, pinched, and worked over time to get the two dollars to buy a dream of a silver meshed bag in Cohen's window? But this resulted in her step-mother's taking the money from her, when the last penny had been added, to buy ribbons for Marcia, her step-sister. Oh, how she hated this step-mother, her step-sister, and the world in general! Suddenly a wave of anger against the lady in the store swept over her; tears came to her eyes; and she clenched her hands.

"Why should not I have as good as she?" she asked herself.

Something in her said, "You can."

Her conscience said, "No."

But Etta paid no heed to the latter warning. She opened the shop door and started up one of the aisles

in quest of the lady with the gold bag. She soon saw her standing alone, trying on some gloves, at that counter. The meshed bag and the parasol were lying near, while she was looking in the opposite direction. Etta stood near, while the hot blood surged to her face. She looked at the bag, started toward the door, came back, and started again. The temptation overcame her. She grabbed the bag, slipped it into a large pocket in her petticoat, and almost ran to the pattern counter at the other end of the store. Here she sank weakly down upon one of the stools, and with unseeing eyes began to turn the leaves of a style book.

In a few minutes she left the store and walked to Central Park, where she sat down on a bench to wonder what she was going to do now that she had gotton that which she had so long craved. When she thought no one was looking, she took the bag from its hiding-place and began to examine its contents. There were some visiting cards, a small leather-covered memoradum book, and a handherchief, besides a roll of bills, which Etta counted with trembling fingers and found to be thirty-five dollars. She held the bag up, patted it, and laid it lovingly against her cheek, but she did not feel half so happy as she did before she came into possession of it. On the inside of the bag was written:

Miss Josephine Pierson,
67 Park Avenue,
New York.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Etta. "Why, she's the lady who was so good to us last year."

Still holding the bag in her hand, she let her mind go back to the year before, when Miss Pierson helped them.

At that time Etta's family lived over on the East Side. One day the father, a carpenter, was brought home seriously injured from a severe fall. A lady interested in charity came to their house. She had the father sent to a hospital and provided for the step-mother, Etta, and

Marcia while he was there. Now this lady, the owner of the purse, was Miss Pierson, better known on the East Side as *The Angel af the Slums.* Afterward they moved on Sixteenth Street, losing sight of the *Angel.*

The voice of a screaming child came to Etta from across the Park, and she started fearfully. She looked at the bag. What a handsome one it was! Oh, how she wanted to keep it! Suddenly she jumped from the bench and ran toward the street. From a soiled handkerchief she counted five pennies and got on a car. After transferring two or three times she reached Park Avenue. Getting off at a corner, the girl had to walk two or three blocks before she reached the right number. A man in livery answered the bell, and Etta threw the bag into the hall.

"Give it to Miss Pierson," she said; and before he could utter a word, she was half a block up the street. She took a car for home and reached there an hour later, after the whistles for six o'clock had blown.

"She'll get me," she said to herself, "If Marcia's gotten home." Etta mounted, with tired body and aching head, the five flights of rickety steps. She opened the door of the little kitchen, expecting to see her step-mother in one of her worst humors, and,—there, not two feet from where she stood, sat the Angel. The girl swayed, caught at the door, and fell, a crumpled mass at the feet of *The Angel of the Slums.*

When Etta awoke, she was lying in a white bed in the loveliest room she had ever seen. A nurse was sitting at one of the windows, talking to a tall man in black. In a few minutes the Angel came in. The girl opened her eyes and closed them again. Surely this must be a dream!

"Where am I?" she asked weakly.

The Angel smiled down at her and motioned the nurse, who gave her something in a very small glass; and she fell asleep again. The second time the girl awoke, the room was filled with sunlight, and the Angel was laying a cool cloth on her hot head.

"Is it you?" she asked, putting up her hand to touch the lady's.

"Yes," Miss Pierson answered, smiling.

"How did I get here?" Etta's voice sounded weak and trembling.

"Dear little Etta," the Angel replied, "you've been very sick. Do you think you're able now for me to tell you a delightful little secret?"

"Oh, yes," she said, but her voice trembled so she could hardly form the words.

The Angel straightened Etta's pillows before she began.

"Etta dear," she began, "I am a member of the M. W. G. Society, which helps poor working girls. Each year this society takes from the poor fifty girls. These girls are given a high school and then a college education, so that they will be able to take up the struggle of life with the best equipment. Now this year I was one of the fifty chosen ladies whose duty it is to bring to the society fifty girls who they know will appreciate this chance to make something of themselves. I immediately thought of you and was making arrangements with your step-mother the day you came in. When you fainted, I saw that in all probability you would have a long illness; so I had you brought here. And here you are," she added, giving Etta's hand a little squeeze.

"But—but—the bag?" questioned the girl, fearfully.

"Dearie," whispered the Angel, putting her arm around the trembling girl, "I know all about the bag, and I've forgiven you long ago."

Etta sat up, but fell back weakly among the pillows.

"You knew?" she whispered.

"Yes, you told me in your delirium."

Etta did not speak, but with a grateful light in her eyes, she kissed the Angel's hand, and the Angel understood. The girl shut her eyes, and with a fervent little prayer thanked God for her chance.

G. Spooner Dunn, '15.

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WHAT CONSTITUTES a good school? Are well equipped departments, efficient teachers, and records of good standing the only essentials? They are necessary, it is true, but they are not all; for without school spirit there is no school. And what is school spirit? It is not the boisterous excitement following a

foot-ball victory, or the animated yelling at a basket-ball game, as some of us fancy. School spirit is just this: it is being, as the boys say, an "all round sport," not only in athletics and things that amuse or entertain but also in all that pertains to the upbuilding and improvement of your school. School spirit means interest, and interest is the backbone of success. No one ever succeeded in anything in which he was not interested. Few of us realize what pleasure we get out of school life until it is over. We call it "our school" and remember with pleasure the happy days spent there. But do any of us ask ourselves this question, "Am I doing my duty to the school?" The pupil who goes wearily along, participating in nothing, interested in nothing, never tastes the full joy of school life. But the one who is always ready and willing to support and take part in any movement, who feels the joy and pleasure of it, he is the one who can look back upon his school days and truthfully call them the happiest.

Already we are shirking our duty toward the Literary Societies, fearing that in some way we shall have to take part. We make every effort to keep from doing nor share, leaving the work to others, and then complain that a certain few have everything. Whose fault is this? No one's but your own. If you have not already joined a society, do so at once.

Then there is our duty to athletics. Athletics are in a way essential to school life, for they develop not only physically but also mentally. Foot-ball this year proved an utter failure. Which was it, couldn't we or wouldn't we? The non-support of the boys was alone responsible. They failed to do their duty, and then wondered why the school had no foot-ball team!

Lastly there is our duty toward THE MISSILE. Handing in an essay, story, or poem through your English teacher so that you can get credit for it is not doing your duty. The same few contribute every month; and although we appreciate their interest, we wish the entire school would participate. Some classes have never been represented in the magazine, and even IV A, the class to graduate in June, has not been heard from. It is never too late to mend, you know; so wake up and redeem yourselves in the next issue.

The lack of school spirit is the cause of this non-support. School spirit is what we need more of in order to make our school what it should be. So let all of us "brace up and be sports." Put your best efforts and keenest interest into it and be assured that you will be rewarded not only in seeing the school develop and gain a new building but also in feeling that you had a personal interest in it, for

'Tis so in life, just what you give
Is what you will receive;
The man who puts the greatest in,
The greatest will achieve.

NOW THAT exams. are drawing near we should begin to think of the cheating that may be done, and of a remedy for this evil. Every one knows that the instructors in charge of a room cannot always detect cheating; and if left to them alone, cheating will go on in spite of all their efforts. Obviously it is up to the pupils to stop it, even at the cost of the expulsion of the offender. Of course, it is not very pleasant to remonstrate with a

pupil about his or her cheating, and it is even less pleasant to expel a classmate; but in view of the facts that cheating injures the offender in the eyes of his fellows, and that it is liable to ruin the morals of the person and of the school, it is better to ask him to reform than to have him ruined for life by his bad start at school. Pupils of the High School are at the habit-forming period of life, and any bad habits they form may go with them through life.

Why not have a committee from each class to which to report all cases of cheating, and have them remonstrate with the offender? Finally if he does not stop, have the committee decide whether he shall be asked to leave the school or not. This is done in a number of schools and is but carrying out the ideas involved in the honor system, for which Virginia has always been famous; and no one of us wishes to see her fame grow less in regard to her high sense of honor. Whatever else we may take with us from P. H. S., let us see to it that we leave with the consciousness that our honor is unsullied by the slightest taint even of suspicion, much less of dishonesty.

IN THE DEAD PAST.

Father—"Mildred, If you disobey again I will surely spank you."

On father's return home that evening Mildred acknowledged that she had disobeyed.

Father (firmly)—"You are going to be spanked. You may choose your own time, when shall it be?"

Mildred, (5 years old, thoughtfully)—"Yesterday."

School Notes

Since the last number of THE MISSILE went to press, two literary societies have been formed in the school, known as the Thomas Nelson Page and the John W. Daniels Literary Societies. These two societies have organized with the purpose of establishing in the High School a Debating Society, which may vie with the other schools in the final contest for the championship in the spring at the University of Virginia. These societies will meet every other Friday morning from quarter to nine until quarter to ten. Let every one in the school give hearty co-operation to these societies.

. . . . . .

If Mr. A. of IV.A should write a geometry, we should have a much harder time than we do now, for he would have us finding the volume of a quadruped.

. . . . . .

Miss C.—"Prove that the water of the ocean contains gold, lime and salt."

Miss R.—"It contains gold because of the gold fish, lime because of lime drops, and salt because of salt herring."

Miss S. in II.A English wished to know whether a certain word Miss Thomas gave out in spelling ended in "ed" or not. "Is it singular or plural?" she inquired.

. . . . . .

Miss T. in II.A English, when asked to give a sentence with irascible, said, "Some land is irascible."

"What do you mean?" said Miss T.

"It is easily irrigated," she replied.

. . . . . .

Miss R—"How do we see the temples of Delphi and the Parthenon now if they were overthrown and buried?"

Mr. J.—"They were evacuated."

. . . . . .

Miss M.—"What is a commissary?"

Mr. F.—"A place where you keep guns and powder."

. . . . . .

Mr. S. in IV.A Stenography class was asking an express company to instigate the loss of two valuable packages. Wonderful—if they did instigate it.

. . . . . .

Mr. M. on being questioned about *lie* and *lay* said, "The town was *lying* out in squares." What a remarkable town!

. . . . . .

Wanted—An umpire to decide the disputes over North Carolina and Virginia between Miss H., formerly of North Carolina, and Miss W. of Virginia.

. . . . . .

Miss D.—"Give an example of inflection denoting gender."

Mr. J. (IV.A)—"Boy,girl."

Miss D.—"Now, Mr. J., what do you do to 'boy' to make 'girl'?"

Mr. C. (in the rear)—"Kiss your elbow."

Miss W. of IV.A chooses to close her friendly letters by a respectful solution rather than a salutation.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Miss D.—"Where did you find *cynosure* before?"

Mr. Y. (IV.A)—"Line 80 in the notes."

. . . . . .

We were quite proud of the numerous awards of blue and red ribbons secured by the few specimens of our work, which were sent to the exhibit at the Educational Conference in Lynchburg, November 27-30. Almost half of the work sent was awarded a ribbon of some sort, although it was not sent with the idea of competing for any awards.

It used to be that 1 and 3
The fatal numbers were thought to to be;
But times have changed, and all know well
That 65 worse doom does tell.

The man who flunks and still does play, will live to flunk another day.

Teacher — "What figure of speech is—I love my teacher?"

Pupil—"Sarcasm."

A ring on the finger is worth two on the phone.

Roll on, thou deep, dark tide of knowledge roll!
Ten thousand times I called to thee in vain,
'Tis not for me.
Charge, Latin, charge! on, Physics, on!
And let who will be clever,
For teachers may come and teachers may go,
But flunking goes on forever.

IRENE GILLIAM, Editor.

During the Christmas holidays many of our alumni were at home from their several colleges. Among these were Misses Agnes Stribbling, Lilla Gerow, Eleanor Dillon, Cora Rolfe, Charlotte Gilliam, Mary Hall; and Messrs. Robert Butcher, Whitney Kinsey, Frank Buchanan, Earle McKesson, Charles Stribbling, Frederick Ribble, Edgar Gilliam and Meade Brunet. Nearly all these students had received their reports for the first term. These reports show that there was not a single failure among them, and that most of them received the highest marks.

. . . . . .

Among those at home for the holidays were Misses Helen Allgood, Helen Thomas, Odessa Jones and Lula

Field, graduates of the class of 1913, who are now full-fledged teachers.

. . . . . .

In the December issue of *University of Virginia Magazine*, there appeared a poem, *Vignettes in Ebony, an Echo*, by Mr. M. C. Harrison. We are quite proud of this creditable poem, as Mr. Harrison is a former graduate of the Petersburg High School.

. . . . . .

Miss Virginia Meade Walke, '12, has graduated from Mrs. Robinson's Music School and has now opened a music school of her own in this city.

. . . . . .

We were also favored during the holidays by a visit from Mr. Thomas McIlwaine, a former P. H. S. boy, who is now editor of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*.

Professor: "A fool can ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in a year."

Student: "No wonder so many of us fail on our examinations."

. . . . . .

Jones: "My wife says she knows me like a book."

Brown: "Well you don't object to that, do you?"

Jones: "I'm not so sure; you see my wife reads terribly trashy literature.

. . . . . .

Boyibus loafibus
Alle turmorum
Examibus comibus
Alle flunkorum.

Athletics

During the month of December our girls' basket-ball team played only one match game. This was with the team of the Chester Agriculture High School. The game was played on the Petersburg grounds, and proved to be the best game of the season. The first half was particularly fast, no field goals being made by either team and the score being one to one. When the whistle was blown for the second half, both teams started out with the determination to win. This half was also interesting, as first one team and then the other was ahead. When the time was called, the score was four to four; and according to the rules, the game was continued until one team scored two points. In about two minutes more Sallie Kidd of the P. H. S. team made a field goal, winning the game for Petersburg, with a score of 6 to 4.

The line up:

Petersburg.	Position.	Chester.
K. Jones,	Forward,	R. Hatcher.
S. Kidd,	Forward,	S. DuVal.
B. Coleman (Capt.),	Center,	M. Rudd.
S. S. Cole,	Center,	M. Stein,
K. Weeks,	Guard,	N. Cogbill (Capt.).
C. Sandford,	Guard,	H. Hess.

On account of the Christmas holidays and the subsequent cold weather the teams have not practiced recently, but as soon as the weather is favorable, they will get down to hard work again. We hope when the spring comes to have a tennis court added to our equipment.

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

An enthusiastic meeting of the boys of the High School was held in the Assembly Hall Monday, January 12, and the General Athletic Association was reorganized for the year 1914 with a membership of about fifty.

Athletics at the High School this year will be conducted in a manner which differs considerably from the plan which has been followed in previous years. In addition to the regular officers, which the Association always elects, an Advisory Board, composed of the officers of the Association, a representative chosen from the High School faculty, and a representative chosen from the student body, was appointed. This Board will conduct the entire business of the Association, award athletic monograms, elect managers and assistant managers of the various teams, and do everything within its power to promote athletics at the High School.

The following officers were elected by a majority vote of the Association :

President—Roslyn D. Young, '14.

Vice-President—Kevan Booth, '14.

Secretary and Treasurer—Frank O. Strailman, Jr., '14.

The Advisory Board is composed of the three officers above named, together with Professor Sharp, the faculty representative, and Charles A. Camp, '14, representative of the student body.

ADVISORY BOARD ELECTS.

At a meeting of the Advisory Board held Thursday, January 15, the following students were elected to lead the track and base-ball teams:

TRACK.

Manager—J. G. Jones, '15.

BASE-BALL.

Manager—T. F. Heath, Jr., '14.

Assistant Manager—Reuben E. Alley, '14.

Plans are well under way for the development of a track team to participate in the annual Richmond College—Richmond Blues meet, to be held in Richmond during the latter part of February. Four members of last year's relay team have returned, and the prospects for a winning team are very bright.

Manager Heath is busy arranging his base-ball schedule, which will doubtless include games with the leading High School teams throughout the State.

editorials, etc. *Girls at Stake* is particularly good. The ing teams; John Marshall High School (Richmond), Farmville High School, Blackstone Academy, Chester High School, Lynchburg High School, Benedictine College (Richmond), Richmond Academy, Maury High School (Norfolk), Emporia High School and other leading teams throughout the State.

Exchange Department.

CLARA C. JACKSON, EDITOR.

This month we were either unusually fortunate or unfortunate in receiving so many magazines—magazines from the North, the South, the East, and the West, and surely one from the "Cuckoo's nest!" In one week thirteen arrived; and this unlucky number seemed to inspire others, for they have been coming every since. It may seem easy to do justice to so many; but it is not easy to read them from cover to cover, think about them, and above all form an honest opinion of each. If you do not see your name appear in these columns, you may know that the only reason is that your magazine happened to be at the bottom of the pile.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany.—Among the stories published in this magazine *The Boyhood of Horatio* is noticeably original. The author has given us the story of Horatio, Princo Hamlet's friend, as a boy. It is a rather daring idea, this picturing of one of Shakespeare's characters of whom we know so little; but the story throughout is in keeping with the times and displays a vivid imagination. *Elaine, alias Pat* promised to be a good story; but the interest did not keep up, and the hero asked the "all important question" entirely too soon.

Lasell Leaves.—The Power of Forgiveness, published in this magazine is a good, though not unusual, story. The author shows talent but made a mistake in not choosing a more appropriate title. *Francesea and Toney a little Vague about Turkey* is decidedly good. It is the story of two little Italians who like America because it is the custom to eat "Turks" on Thanksgiving. They go to

the market, expecting to see their enemies. They find out their mistake but are consoled by an invitation to the Salvation Army's Thanksgiving dinner. The story is very original and well written.

The Blue and the Gray would be a good magazine but for its deplorable lack of stories. It boasts of only one this month, and that is not particularly good. The jokes are fine; no magazine shows more humor.

The Focus is always good. It has reason to be superior to High School magazines, being a production of the Farmville Normal. *For What we are about to Receive* is just an average story, neither very original nor very commonplace. *To a Friend*, a poem of but twelve lines, shows insight and a sense of fitness worthy of recommendation. *Darn* is a philosophical sketch of the first sin (saying "darn") committed by a little boy. It is very amusing.

The World is, taking everything into consideration, the best of our exchanges. It is especially fortunate in having a real artist to decorate its pages. Besides being most attractively arranged and illustrated, the stories are always good. *Marcy*, a tale of the sea and a sad heart, is the best ever. The attraction of the story lies in the master style with which it is told—vivid, tragic, and rare, it holds the reader enthralled until the end. *When a Teacher Plays Cupid* is worthy some mention, although it is nothing out of the ordinary.

We also acknowledge the following: *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Beaver*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The B. H. S. Tatler*, *The Blue and the White*, *The X-Ray*, *The Student*, *The Pennant*, *The Sentinel*, *The Record*, *The Oracle*, *The William and Mary Magazine*.

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